

# Oxford Democrat.

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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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## TO THE DEPARTED.

Lips I have kissed, ye are faded and cold;  
Hands I have pressed, ye are covered with mould;  
Form I have clasped, thou art crumbling away;  
And soon in your bosom the weeper will lay.

Friends of my youth, I have witnessed your bloom!  
Shades of the dead, I have wept at your tomb!  
Tomb, I have wept, were they worthy of thee:  
But who will e'er gather a garland for me?

Friends of my youth, ye are hastening away;  
Grave, in there room in thy chamber of clay?  
To who have hither so kindly fled,  
Say, is there room in the green curtain'd bed?

Dreams of my youth, ye are faded and gone;  
Mists of the vale, ye have clothed the morn;  
Death, will your vapors incessantly roll?  
And life, must it pass in the night of the soul?

Souls of the blest, from the mansions of day,  
Look on the pilgrim and lighten his way:  
Wing your swift flight to the death-prepared bed,  
With visions of glory to circle his head.

Stars, ye are thick in the pathway of light;  
Visions of bliss, ye are banishing night:  
Pilgrim, arise—for the journey you tread,  
Is leading to regions whence sorrow has fled.

Buds of the spring, ye are blasted and dead;  
Leaves of the summer, your beauty has fled;  
Winter of grief, from the night of the tomb,  
The pole-star, Religion, will scatter the gloom.

From the Lady's Book—for October.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF A NAME.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH.

"Mine's a harder life than that of a cart-horse! always at work; rehearse by day and perform at night; sometimes a shepherd—at others a soldier; one moment a gold-laced lackey, and the next metamorphosed into a mysterious robber. I'd liver letters and cups of poison; here long speeches of big words, and reply in one or two monosyllables; bend my head beneath a bell-metal helmet, or my back under the active blows of some pit-favourite; with but little character of my own, called on sometimes to assume three or four in a single evening. Such has been my fate for four long years! Why did I ever become struck with the profession?—why continue in it when it barely suffices to keep body and soul together?"

Such were the exclamations vented to "the night's dull ear," by a poor wretch who had just sallied from the back-door of the theatre at Marseilles, and was striding towards his miserable lodgings, as fast as a head wind and pelting rain would permit. He stopped before a low hovel, in a retired alley, and brandishing a de-latch key in the real tragic style, plunged it into its appropriated receptacle. Opening the door he went up stairs by means of a *rape-ladder*, and having soon ensconced his head beneath the bedclothes, lost sight of a *Sup's* misery in bright dreams of impressive entrances "*a la Hamlet*,"—bouncing exists of the *stampant* school—glittering beauties applauding in the dress-circle, and "an entire pit rising to greet him" with enthusiastic raptures.

On waking the next morning, he found upon the window-frame two papers; or as he termed them, with professional grandiloquence—*dispatches*, which he had not noticed on the previous night, in consequence of the absence of those artificial resources so usefully applied in making light of darkness. One of them, being unsealed, first claimed his attention; and, learning from its contents, that a levy had been made upon his furniture for amount of his landlord's bill, he calmly threw it aside, (after the manner of Richard with the "weak invention of the enemy,") exclaiming, "they are welcome to the three-legged table, the creaking bed, and 'Old Medora,' which constitute all my furniture."

For the reader's satisfaction, it may be well to state, that by the highly euphonious appellation of "Old Medora," our hero meant an antiquated and thread-bare Grecian tunic, which, after a quarter of a century's service upon the stage, had now become a window-curtain. "But this," continued the unhappy son of Melpomene, as he took up the other *despatch*, "is from Florine—sweet message of love from her I adore!" And, having carefully opened the two bright seals by which the envelope was secured, he read aloud the amatory epistle.

"My once dearly beloved Dagard—My father tells me as how it would be madness in me to marry a player without no fortune nor reputation, seeing I'm the daughter of an orchestra leader at the Royal Menagerie, and so he's determined that I must marry a gentleman what teaches the clarinet here in the village, but who's going to town where he can get a heap of scholars. In your letter you say you have

bright hopes:—I want to see them hopes come to a pint afore this month is out, for if they—on afore that, I must take the clarinet I don't love him half as much as you—but as pappy says, the little must bite. No more at present from your heart broken FLORINE."

"Heart broken with a vengeance—to marry a broken-winded clarinet! If before the month is out, I don't make a *hit*, she will strike—add here we are—the twenty-third. But conquer all, as the poet says, and I'll improve the chance to night." On that evening he was to perform the best character in his line, and the house being respectfully filled, he made, as he thought, a sublime effort at achieving a reputation; but the audience not viewing the attempt in the same light as its perpetrator, he was compelled to make his exit amidst deafening roars of laughter, and whirlwinds of hisses; not, however, without observing that Florine, seated in the second tier of boxes, with a red-faced, cheek-swollen gentleman, had contributed as well as her "cavalier," to that sibilatory reception which had set a seal for ever upon his hopes of future greatness.

Talma, then at the pinnacle of his fame had effected engagements in the various theatres of the south of France; and his arrival had, since some time, been expected daily at Marseilles. On the evening just referred to, the manager had received a letter from the famous tragedian, stating that a severe cold would necessarily delay his visit for a few days, and praying that the intelligence might be communicated to the Directors of the Aix theatre, the next in the dramatic circuit. A letter of the desired purport was quickly written, and the manager, meeting Dagard at the wing as he left the stage, at once heartily cursed him for making a fool of himself, and ordered him to take the letter to the Aix coach office. The unfortunate histrionic aspirant received it without murmuring, for his dignity had been so effectually condensed by his evening's reception, and Florine's participation in it, that he dared not openly revolt; therefore, bowing his head, and dropping his left foot a few inches to the rear, *secundum artem*, he received the imprecations and the letter, and withdrew upon his errand. When in the street, his noble feelings regarding the elasticity, gushed forth. "Since Florine's false, let the public hiss? who cares?—I'm sick of life!"

"I'll go seek some damp and dismal cave, There, with these fingers, I'll dig my early grave; And when it's done, I'll lay me down and die, Since woman's constancy's—all in my eye."

"And, because I'm poor and hissed, and carry letters on the stage, must I be a messenger-runner in reality? If I were such a man as Talma, I'd have managers obeying every wink and nod—and, now the thought strikes me, what's to prevent it? Nothing!"

The letter was quickly torn into a thousand pieces, and, returning to the scene of his misery, Dagard informed his employer that the message had been properly attended to, gave in his resignation, which was forthwith accepted, received the pittance of stipend due to him, and within an hour, was fast walking on the road to Aix. He reached the city about noon, and immediately presenting himself at the head quarters of the drama, addressed the presiding functionary:

"Well, my friend, I am here at last. You see punctuality is the politeness of business, and I am over a week in advance."

"Pray, sir," replied the important curator for the dramatic taste at Aix, at the same time puffing himself up to an inordinate size, "whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"Do you not know Talma?"

"Talma! Allow me, sir, (at the same time squeezing himself into as small a compass as the most obsequious submission could produce,) to apologise ten thousand times for my obtuseness in not at once recognizing that star which has shone so brightly in the dramatic firmament—for not instantly."

Here he was cut short by his visitor, who forthwith commenced recounting his "life-breadth" escapes, explained the shabbiness of his appearance to be consequent upon an attack of a band of highwaymen, recounted the details of the robbery, which had left him no money nor wardrobe, private nor professional—wrept as he related that his favorite Arab pair had been cut loose from his coach, and barbarously butchered before his eyes—and cursed the "filly livered servants," who had deserted him, one only of them having got his deserts in the loss of his life by a fall from his horse. Not wishing to be recognized as he entered the city, without his retinue, he had disguised himself with the clothes of the coward Jackey. The manager could not find words sufficient to express his regret, and instantly tendered any sum in advance of the anticipated proceeds of the engagement. In less than an hour the whole town rang with the news of the arrival of the greatest tragedian of the age, and nothing was talked of within its precincts but the foul robbery which had left him minus a princely equipage, a magnificent wardrobe, 20,000 crowns in gold, and three times that amount in valuable jewels. Letters of condolence, and offers of assistance, poured in from all sides. Chevalier de P. furnished three valets for his service; several of the most wealthy citizens

placed their purses at his disposal. Count O. tendered all the magnificent dresses in which a tragedy had been privately "got up," (and by the by, murdered,) at his palace, a few weeks before; the notary and crown solicitor supplied the honor of taking his deposition, that they might forthwith institute proceedings for the detection of the murderers.

Having decked himself in his lavender robes, he accompanied the manager with his perfect readiness to perform on that very evening, in order to testify his gratitude for the hospitality shown him—"and," he kindly added, in conclusion, "you may select a couple of tragedies for the occasion."

"Did I rightly understand, Monsieur Talma—a couple of tragedies? Would Monsieur perform ten acts in one evening?"

"Certainly—certainly! Have you not heard that, during my last engagement in Paris, so enthusiastic were the *encores* that we actually performed *Zaire* six times over in one night?"

This proof of his physical powers was sufficient; and two tragedies were announced for that evening. At an early hour in the afternoon, all the avenues leading to the theatre were crowded with persons of all ages and ranks.

"Now's the day, and now's the hour," thought our hero, as he threw over his left shoulder the gorgeous purple tunic presented by Count O.

"—this is the night,  
That either makes or undoes me quite."

The overture having been performed, and the curtain run up, the first scenes passed off unobtrusively to the crowded rows of spectators—such was the constant rush into the building—

The call-boy at length summoned "Orestes," for his "entrée en scene," just as he was in the act of finishing a bottle of Marquis de S's choicest Champagne, thanks to the united impulses of the performer's affrontery, the audience's prejudices, and the marquis' wine, the debut was a complete triumph. Several sprigs of nobility invited him to a sumptuous banquet, and the festival was protracted to a late hour. His shrewd and ingenious tales of his exploits; the kind and affable manner in which he recommended to all present to treat the lower orders of the profession, evinced his charitable disposition towards inferiors, and secured as warm admiration for his demeanor in private life as he had already obtained for his efforts on the stage. A few rubbers of "hist followed the supper, and Lord A., Marquis B., Duke C. and Earl D., were "too happy" in losing a few thousand louis each, with "the Pride of France and wonder of the age."

"After all," soliloquized Dagard, as he lay lounging upon a richly curtained bed of down, on the morning after his triumphant debut, "it's an easy affair to be a great man, if the people will only find it out. I always knew that tragedy was in me, and only wanted a chance to shine out. I used to find it difficult to earn a meagre subsistence, and now see those piles of offers"—pointing to some dozens of perfumed letters, tokens of admiration, cards of invitation, &c.

The second evening's performance but increased the public enthusiasm, and he was borne in triumph from the theatre to his hotel. The night was spent in the same manner as that which had preceded it; and on the ensuing morning the piles of letters received a material increase. Among the "despatches" of this day, was one of a peculiar turn. It was from the widow of a lieutenant in the army, who had fallen in the Spanish campaign, leaving her in possession of valuable landed estates. Her admiration was of a more solid character than mere approbation of his professional efforts, as she offered her wealth and hand, provided he would promise to retire from the stage forever. An hour was fixed for a meeting at the cathedral, in order that matters might be fairly explained *vis-a-vis*.

At about noon a stranger arrived at the Prince Eugene Hotel at Aix, whose countenance was seen to exhibit a most unaccountable excitement on reading the placards announcing the "Sixth night of the engagement of Mr. Talma, the favorite tragedian of his Majesty, and the first living *artiste* in the world, whose unparalleled talents have excited the wonder of all the learned and literary societies of Europe." In answer to the stranger's application for a private parlor, he was informed by the landlord that none could be let; for the entire first floor were occupied by Mr. Talma; the third and fourth by the mayor of the city, and other influential friends of the illustrious tragedian. But if a chamber alone would suffice upon the fifth floor, he might occupy the only one of these left undisengaged. Yielding to stern necessity, the unknown traveller was ushered into a small apartment. During the afternoon he knocked respectfully at the chamber of Talma; and obeying the summons to enter, which his call elicited, he bowed deferentially, and with a thousand apologies hoped that the person who had secured for himself a crown of immortal glory, and had placed his country in an enviable rank among the nations of the earth, would condescend to give some instructions, to a provincial actor, desirous of improving himself in his calling.

"You want my advice, then, I suppose," was the reply, uttered in a tone and manner to be expected from an individual gruffly condescending to perform a disagreeable office. "Let me hear you rattle off something, then," at the same time tipping the ashes from the end of one of Earl Faghi's matchless Havanas. "Go on, I'm listening," pouring out a glass of the Marquis De Beauquis' choicest Maderia, he put himself into an attitude of attention, his feet raised in the most dignified manner upon a level with his head.

The stranger commenced the famous address of Gracius—his listener laid his glass aside—his knees trembled—his agitation increased as the performer proceeded; till, as the eloquent appeal drew to a close, he fell upon his knees before him, exclaiming, "You are Talma! forgive me! forgive me!"

The stranger—Talma—the real Simon pure, raised his counterfeit imitator from his abject posture, and seemed highly pleased at the recital of the success which crowned the adventurer's bold attempt. The name of the incognita was kept secret until the next morning; and the widow aforementioned having in the meanwhile become Mrs. Dagard, her husband renewed his solemn promise to quit the stage forever; and to his honor be it said, he not only made the vow, but kept it. On the seventh night of Talma's engagement the genuine son of Melpomene appeared, and much as he pleased some who pretended to be judges, there were many spectators who found him inferior to the first of his name. Among these we include of course the remarried widow, who, notwithstanding her change of condition, kept her box, so that she might point out to the *retired tragedian* at her side, the points and readings—gestures and positions, wherein he excelled his far-famed prototype.

From the London Metropolitan.

## ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water to your knees, fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

Curates, young brothers, &c., marrying out of hand; and when they find themselves with a numerous progeny, lamenting the severity of their lot, and abusing bishops, elder brothers, and patrons of all denominations, for not providing for them.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

The heir of an avaricious uncle paying him the compliment of the deepest mourning.

The lovely widow of a cross old shrew being particular in the choice and display of his weepers.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

A man shall curse and swear at his groom or his tailor; but in polite company nothing so vulgar as an oath shall escape his lips.

To suppose that every one likes to hear you child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

You have a dozen children with different dispositions and capacities, and you give them all the same education.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbors frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any really in want of it.

To put out one's fire on a given day of the year, though cold easterly winds should blow.

That any man should despair of success in any the most foolish undertaking, in a world so overstocked with fools.

Such a man is indebted to you in a large sum of money, and has no means in possession or in prospect of paying you—that it may be utterly impossible for him to earn it by his industry, you immerse him in a prison.

You make a very foolish match, and gravely ask a judicious friend his opinion of your choice.

Two armies, who know not even the cause of quarrel, previously indulging in the work of slaughter, on the sound of trumpet and on beat of the drum, instantaneously stopping and are reciprocally performing every act of kindness.

A man of superior talents and accomplishments is always pronounced conceited by the clowns who cannot understand him.

To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

To buy a ticket in the lottery.

To salute your most intimate friend when he is walking with any very great man.

To think every one a man of spirit who fights a duel.

To doubt what travellers report, because it

contradicts our own experience, or surpasses our own conceptions.

To pronounce those the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

To take offence at the address or carriage of any man, with whose mind you are unacquainted.

To expect punctuality from an idle man.

To laugh at the appearance or manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

To suppose that a man who lives with ministers and courtiers in private, must be acquainted with secrets of state.

When you travel to insist on English fare, and not make your stomach a citizen of the world.

To think for yourself, and declare your real opinions in every society you frequent.

Not to think the man an impudent fellow who boasts of his humility.

To discontinue dealing with a tradesman to whom you owe a large sum of money which you are unable to pay.

To congratulate a hypochondriac on his good looks.

To tell a confirmed beauty that she looks much better than she did the last season.

To praise a daughter just come out, in the presence of her handsome mother, of five-and-thirty.

To give advice to, or argue with a fool.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

To ask advice of a man who has always mismanaged his own affairs.

To pronounce dogmatically upon the conduct of all our neighbors and acquaintances, and not to give them credit for knowing their own circumstances and views of happiness better than we can pretend to.

To get up on a cold winter's morning to hunt a timid animal to death, and pronounce ourselves rational and benevolent beings.

To see your agent amassing a large fortune, and suppose him to be honest and your tenantry happy.

To allow great actors the privilege of new modelling the language, and pronouncing it ridiculously.

To expect that your friends will remember you after you have thought proper to forget them.

To call for bed-chamber candles at twelve o'clock, and remark to your friend, on a visit, that you forgot to ask him if he ever took supper.

Not to wear a great coat when our joints are aching with rheumatism, lest we should be tho't delicate.

A young parson thinking to recommend himself to a profligate patron by imitating his voice.

To make the grand tour, and associate only with your own countrymen.

To subscribe to any indefatigable collector for public charities, who has no visible means of subsistence.

Not to drink when you are thirsty, or eat when you are hungry.

To give any man, wise in his own conceit, or superior to you in life, a candid opinion when he asks your advice.

To fancy yourself a poet, because you can write verses.

To persecute sectarians by way of extinguishing them.

To live fifty years, and be surprised at any thing.

*The Frenchman and the Bank.* Vat you say sars? V'll you read sars? Is dis not one ten dollar yours, sars? V'll you not pay de l'argent, sars—de silvare, de gold, de coppare?

"We have suspended, sir, and do not redeem our notes in coin."

"Suspende? vat dat—hang by de neck like one damn thieving dog? Ono, sars, you no deceive me, sars, by Gar, I vill shoot you nit de pistole, de gun, de cannon, sars—eh? V'll you no pay de l'argent?"

"No, Mr. Trompe, we cannot redeem the note now, but will when the other banks pay theirs."

"Ven de other banque pay theirs, sars? By Gar, de oder banque say de same, sars! Ven you pay yours, sars? Mon Dieu—Mon Dieu—de la monie, de silvare, gold, coppare, l'argent, sars. I vill be revenge, sars. Look ere—I tear de damn billet note in littel piece—I spit on him—I chew him—you lose your damn note, sars—I am revenge—I am revenge—I am by Gar, revenge."

So saying, the little Frenchman walked out of the bank with the imperial air of a Napoleon.—[Steubenville Union.]







Paris, October 30, 1838.

"Among the prejudices which the whigs (feds) had to contend with in Pennsylvania, was the anti-bank feeling."—Kennebec Journal.

*Eastern Argus.*

From the Globe

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the hand under w

This was the hand under which the federalists played their *game of brag* a few weeks since. If it returns to "*plague the inventor*," it is no fault of ours. We desire the reader to give to every word of the following article from

Dem. gains in Con.

Illinois,	1	George
Vermont, probably	1	George
Maine,	2	
Ohio, heard from 4 or	5	
New Jersey, probably	6	
Pennsylvania,	1	
S. Carolina, heard f'm,	1	

Illinois,	1	Non
-----------	---	-----

Maine,	1
Maryland,	1
Pennsylvania,	1
Ohio,	1
<i>Democratic gain in State Legislatures.</i>	

Indian,	1168
Gr...	

Missouri, Geo

s:—Sept. 24, 1838. Taken  
old at Public Vendue, on Sat

October next, at one of the clock, P. M., at Wm. B. Gray's Store in Turner, all the right in equity which Gammon has to redeem the following described real estate, situated in said Turner, in said County, being lot No. 221 and 239, the same being subject to said Gammon's Mortgage to Stephen Gammon.

By JONA C. PHILLIPS, Dep't Sheriff.

Executor of the last Will and Testament of

late of Norway, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving hand as the law directs—the undersigned requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

NATHANIEL PIKE.  
Norway Oct. 16, 1838.      \$w310

or on the estate of  
**SIMMON BYERSO**

late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WILLIAM WALKER.  
\*3w10

Paris Oct. 16, 1858.

gyptian Bowker Jr., all claims  
should be shall arrive at mal

Witness,--JOHN M. BOWKER,  
Woodstock Oct. 10, 1838. \*3w10

Greenwood, Oct. 16, 1838.

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE**  
NOTICE is hereby given, that, by virtue of a license from the Hon Court of Probate, with for the County of Oxford, there will be sold at Vendue, on the premises, in Waterford, on the 20th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, European, so much of the real estate of Luther B.

sists of the right to redeem lot No. 10 in the block of lots in said Waterford, being the homestead

said Luther Brigham, including the reversion  
widow's dower, containing about 100 acres of  
exclusive of the Dower, and about 93 acres of  
provenant, having a large and valuable wood lot.  
Terms made known at the time and place of  
**ROSEMOND BRIGHAM**  
Administrator

ty of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of October, in the  
of and sixteen hundred and thirty-eight.

**DANIEL PEIRCE**, named Executor in a certain  
will purporting to be the last Will and Testament  
of said Peirce, late of Miran, in said county, deceased, having  
been appointed probator:  
*Ordered,*  
That the said Executor give notice to all persons  
claiming an interest in the estate of said Peirce, deceased, by  
publishing a copy of this order to be published in the  
Gazette of the State of New York, for three consecutive weeks.

and county, on the third Tuesday of January next, at  
clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they

the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and  
as the last will and Testament of said deceased.

SEPHEM EMERY,  
Sw 10 Copy, Attest—Levi Stowell, R



